

K THE
LONDON MEDLEY;
CONTAINING THE
EXERCISES

Spoken by
Several Young NOBLEMEN and GENTLEMEN,
A T
The Annual Meeting of the WESTMINSTER
SCHOLARS,

On the 28th of Jan. 1730-1, at WESTMINSTER-SCHOOL;
Before His ROYAL HIGHNESS the DUKE, the Right
Honourable the Lords CARTERET, CHETWYND, and HAR-
VEY; the Right Honourable WILLIAM PULTENEY, Esq; and
many other Noblemen and Gentlemen.

The THESIS being on a Parallel between
the ANCIENTS and the MODERNS.

In which were ingeniously handled many Notable
SUBJECTS.

VIZ.

The ROYAL FAMILY's Hunting in <i>Windsor-Forest.</i>	To which are added, PANDORA, an admirable POEM.
Upon ORGANS, HERALDRY, AC- TORS, ARCHITECTURE, WIT, POE- TRY, SCULPTURE, Queen ELIZA- BETH's Days, LOVE, TOBACCO;	ODE for the New Year 1731, humbly inscrib'd to the Poet LAUREAT, by STEPHEN DUCK.
the late Sir ISAAC NEWTON's PHI- LOSOPHY, the Practice of the LAW, Count HEYDEGGER's En- tertainments, Learning.	AN HYMN to the LAUREAT.
With the Conclusion to the DUKE,	To a Young Lady in the City on her BIRTH-DAY.
spoke by a Young Nobleman:	Verſes on the Right Honourable WM. PULTENEY Esq;
As also the Prologue by a <i>West-</i> <i>minster</i> SCHOLAR.	A Farewel to LOVE and WOMEN, written by a Col. of the Guards.
	Verſes on Mr. DENNIS the Car- TICK.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. ROBERTS, near the *Oxford-Arms* in *War-*
wick-Lane. (Price 6d.)

THE
LONDON MUSEUM

CONTAINING THE
EXERCISES

OF THE
GENERAL YOUNG MERCHANTS COMPANY

AND
THE ASSOCIATED MERCHANTS COMPANY

OF THE
LONDON MUSEUM

THE LONDON MUSEUM
OF THE ASSOCIATED MERCHANTS COMPANY

OF THE
LONDON MUSEUM

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OF THE
LONDON MUSEUM



Will

Powell

Feb.

(1)

1780



The T H E S I S.

The P A R A L L E L between the
A N C I E N T S and the M O D E R N S.



E A R the fam'd Palace, where the *British*
Court

Rétires from Cares of State to Rural
Sport,

There Tracts of oozy Turf and yielding
Clay,

There Heath, the Growth of Ages, choak'd the Way;
Deceitful baulk'd the fiery flouncing Steed,
And long entangling, check'd the Courser's speed:
Now level'd by the Soldier's peaceful Hand,
Smooth lies the Forest, as the Sea-wash'd Strand.
Armies, that in the Realms where Tyrants reign,
Ravage the Earth, and waste the fertile Plain,
By GEORGE commanded, win the People's Love,
The Face of Nature, and the Land improve.


B


Thus

Thus when the station'd *Romans* ceas'd from War,
 Where-e'er the Eagle flew, the Way was clear;
 And *Cesar* foremost in a better Chace
 Pursu'd the Stag, and spar'd the Human Race:
 But never from *Ausonian* Camps were seen,
 Such Bands of Hunters spreading o'er the Green;
 Through Marches new, the Monarch leads the Van,
 Attending Nobles in the Regal Train
 An Op'ning large, on each side circling, make,
 And with a Thousand Hoofs the Champain shake.
 FREDERICK, more active than the Poet feigns
Marcellus, plies the Spur, and scorns the Reins;
 Swifter and fairer than *Camilla* fly
 Three Royal Maids, and leave the gazing Eye.
 The DUKE, like *Lulus*, young, full of Grace,
 With stretch unequal, but quick gath'ring Pace,
 Urges the Gall'way on, pursuing keen,
 To win the Way, and at the Head be seen;
 High on some Eminence the QUEEN from far
 Enjoys the Prospect in her stately Car,
 So the Majestick Mother of the Gods
 Smiling, serene, surveys the blest Abodes;
 Pleas'd to behold the wide Coelestial Field,
 With Beauties, Deities, and Heroes fill'd.

GO, faithless Organ, to deceive thy Trust,
 And basely thus forsake thy Master's Dust;
 For this near thee did PURCEL lay him down,
 To wait for Musick sweeter than his own?
 With his Remains, thy Neighbourhood to grace,
 Did BLOW his solemn *Gloria Patri* place?
 To make his Ashes, and his Glory shine,
 Did CROFTS his sacred *Hallelujah* join?
 Tho' thou art gone, shall Instruments be found,
 Their most harmonious Praises to resound;
 Tho' silent Thou, shall loudest Organs owe,
 Their choicest Strains, to PURCEL, CROFTS, and BLOW.

YE haughty Antients, with Respect profound,
 Come veil your Crests and Banners to the ground;
 But one amongst your Worthies here and there,
 Could gain a Title, or a Trophy wear.
 Now all our Gentry their Atchievements show,
 And ev'ry Chariot is Triumphal now.
 Our modern *Armigers*, tho' not so bold,
 Are better Gentlemen than those of old.
 No former Times, as Heralds all agree,
 Can boast so many Ancestors as we:
 O this new Science of Antiquity!


YOUR Antique Actors, as we read,
 No more than Anticks were indeed;
 With wide-mouth'd Masks, their Babes to fright,
 They kept the Countenance from Sight.
 Now Faces on the Stage are shewn,
 Nor talk they with their Tongues alone;
 But in each Look a Force there lies,
 That speaks the Passion to the Eyes.
 Which Action truest Life displays,
 The Vizard, or the Human Face?
 Old *Roscious* to our *Booth*, must bow;
 'Twas then but Art, 'tis Nature now.


WHEN first, his long laborious Travels past,
 The *Connoisseur* reform'd our Gothic Taste,
 New Plans imported from th' *Italick* Schools,
 And taught us to admire *Palladio's* Rules;
 No Seat our Ancestors contriv'd could stand,
 Down went each Mansion-House throughout the Land.
 The good old Hall, the hospitable Gate,
 And poor Convenience fell a prey to State.
 No more the Ancient humble Roofs are found,
 Guarded with Hills, with Woods encompass'd round;

But

But pompous Piles on the bleak Summit rise,
 And court the Winds, and brave our Northern Skies.
 Here all the Orders their Proportions show,
 And shine Triumphant to the Firm below.
 The passing Traveller, with wonder fees,
Relievo's, Columns, Architrave and Freeze.
 But, oh ! in all this Elegance complicit,
 Where shall the shiv'ring Master find retreat ?
 From Room to Room he flies the Wintry Blast,
 And some small *Closet* proves the *House* at last.



SOME for the Antients zealously declare,
 Others again our Modern Wits prefer ;
 A Third affirms, that they are much the same,
 And differ only as to Time and Name :
 Yet sure one more Distinction may be told,
 Those once were new, but these will ne'er be old.



SOME squeamish Palates, difficult to please,
 Relish no Writings but of *Rome* and *Greece*,
 With them Time serves for an unerring Rule ;
Antient, a Wit ; and *Modern*, speaks a Fool :
 Whilst solid Sense, and true Poetick Flame,
 In ev'ry Age and Nation are the same.

Thus

Thus *Pindar's* Genius *Cowley* did inspire,
 And *Milton* warms us with old *Homer's* Fire:
 One Thought might make these sage Observers
 know,
 Let but some Ages in Succession go,
 And *Pope* and *Prior* will be Antients too.

OLD *Epicurus* was employ'd,
 In jumbling Atoms through a Void;
Absorpt the late *Descartes* stood
 In Vortices and Plenitude:
 Which most our Wonder shou'd engage,
 The Antient or the Modern Sage?
 Which best his idle Business ply'd,
Temple and *Wotton* may decide.
 Whose Brains the others did outweigh,
 We dare not positively say;
 Empty of Fulness, one we guess,
 The other full of Emptiness.

BEHOLD this venerable Bust,
 Moulder'd with Age, and eat with Rust,
 By Miracle preserv'd, e'er-while,
 The Boast of some *Athenian* Pile;
 Some Sage, or Hero of old *Greece*;
 What Price too great to purchase this?

This

This one Antique in worth out-weighs
 All the sam'd Works of Modern Days:
 Tho' here the beauteous Parts conspire,
 To form the Symmetry entire;
 Tho' perfect Art with Nature strives,
 And the bold Statue all but Lives;
 Yet that without Nose, Eyes, or Ears,
 Is better by two thousand Years.



WITHOUT Offence, may we have leave to
 praise

A Dame of Honour in *Eliza's* Days?

Early she rose for Family Affairs,

And when the Mattin rung, she went to Pray'rs;

Free was her Heart and House to entertain,

Her Home-bred Cooks had never cross'd the Main;

Her Board was plenteous, and Her Cheer was plain,

She kept old Rules, with unaffected Zeal,

Duly the Grace begun, and clos'd the Meal:

Her meanest Tenants never met with scorn,

She made them wellcome for their Pepper-Corn.

With constant Labour and experienc'd Skill,

She cull'd her Simples, and employ'd her Still;

Book'd the Receipts herself, herself prepar'd,

The Med'cines, neither Time nor Cost she spar'd,

Still to provide a Charitable Store,

To aid the Sick, the Stranger, and the Poor.

Such

Such liv'd of old, we shou'd be glad to hear
From Modern Ladies their own Character.



PErrault, the *Frenchman*, needs wou'd prove
The Antients knew not how to love:
Yet spite of all that he had said,
'Tis sure they Woo'd, they Won, and Wed.
The Case beyond Dispute is clear;
Or else how came the Moderns here?



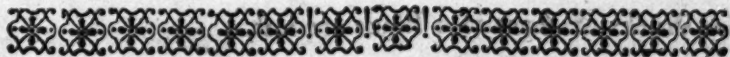
WHAT Claffick Land but still displays
The wond'rous Art of ancient Days?
The sculptur'd Obelisk, the Dome
Proportion'd sweet, the sumptuous Tomb,
The fluted Column's easy Height,
The Bust still breathing to the Sight:
Of these the rich expressive Grace,
Nor Storms could waste, or Age deface;
But still they stand expos'd to View,
And mock what Modern Times can do.



HAIL *Indian Plant*, to antient Times unknown,
A Modern truly thou, of all our own;
If through the Tube thy Virtues be convey'd,
The Old Man's Solace, and the Student's Aid;

Thou

Thou dear Concomitant of Nappy Ale,
 Thou sweet Prolonger of a harmless Tale;
 Or if, when pulveriz'd in smart Rappee,
 Thou'lt reach Sir *Fopling's* Brain, if Brain there be ;
 He shines in Dedications, Poems, Plays,
 Soars in Pindaricks, and asserts the Bays:
 Thus dost thou ev'ry Taste and Genius hit,
 In Smoak, thou'rt Wisdom; and in Snuff, thou'rt Wit.



THE Plan of *Ptolemy* and *Tycho's* Scheme,
 Are now no better than an idle Dream:
Newton arose; shew'd how each Planet mov'd,
 And what they wand'ring call'd, he constant prov'd.
 Founded on Truth, his Problems stand secure,
 And with the Sun his System shall endure.
 He was the first that could unerring trace
 Each Orbit thro' th' immense expanded Space:
 He was the first that with unweary'd Flight,
 Fathom'd the Depth of Heav'n, and reach'd the Height,
 Where Comets thro' the Void revolving flow,
 Their Course oblique and settled Period know;
 Guided by him when we survey the whole,
 Worlds beyond Worlds that by him measur'd roll,
 And with the vast Idea fill the Soul;
 What is this Point of Earth, this Mortal Seat,
 How little all appears, and He how Great!

C

WHEN



WHEN *Goths* and *Vandals* southward forc'd their
Way,

And left their Bears less Savage far than they;
Whose Pride was Slaughter, and whose Law their Will;
Expert to plunder, and inur'd to kill;
All Arts of Peace their sad Condition mourn'd,
Hang'd were the Scholars, and the Books were burn'd:
The Works of Ages in a Blaze are lost,
Whilst round the Bonfire shouts the barb'rous Host.
What can they more, to ruin Learning quite?
What more! — Why, now the *Goths* and *Vandals* write.



THE antient Columns are so fine,
Of *Trajan* and of *Antonine*,

As Travellers all swear and vow

(And Travellers speak always true)

That when it is compar'd with these,

Our *Monument*, that stately Piece,

Altho' so comely, tall and proper,

Is only a Tobacco-Stopper.

IS that the Point which lays the justest Claim,
 Antients or Moderns, to the greatest Fame?
 That this grand Question may be fairly try'd,
 Agree that NEWTON first be laid aside.

Spoke by Mr. COKE, Son to the Right Hon. the Lord Lovel.

WHILE still the Lawyer's Library encreases,
 With Modern Pleas, Charges, Reports and
 Leafes;

And Acts of Parliament grow ev'ry Year,
 To make Employment for the Bench and Bar;
 My Grandfire's Name keeps ev'ry Court in Awe,
 And Coke on Littleton is still the Law.

Spoke by Mr. PITT, Son of the late Earl of Londonderry.

WHEN fam'd Count Heydegger advances
 His Academy of Sciences;

His Op'ras, Masquerades, Ridotto's,
 Balls, Passo-Tempo's, and what Not-o's?

If Envy on his Genius squints,

And whispers that he stole his Hints;

Thus much at least is own'd by all,

Himself is an Original.

Spoke by Mr. VANE, Son to the Right Hon. the Lord Barnard;

WITHOUT Respect to *Westminster* at all,
 Has *Heydegger* this Night proclaim'd a Ball;
 But should he interrupt our learned Sport,
 Or rob us of one Guest, we'll swinge him for't;
 The *Count* shall for his Modern Arts be thanked,
 Here's *Pitt* and I will tofs him in a Blanket.

WHAT Learning has been long ago,
 Or what is now, I little know;
 And what may hereafter be,
 It may be any thing for me.

The CONCLUSION.

To his ROYAL HIGHNESS the DUKE;

Spoke by the Right Honourable the Earl of Holderness.

THE Pow'r of Learning to improve Mankind,
 To wing the Genius, and exalt the Mind,
 Let *Cyrus*, let the Son of *Philip* tell,
 By whom the *Persian Empire* rose and fell.
 When in the Antients, Royal Sir, you read
 The noble Sentiments or God-like Deed;

Your

Your ready Breast shall catch the Heav'nly Fire,
 That Sages, Poets, Heroes did inspire.
 When to more Modern Times you change the View,
 And the same End by different Means pursue;
 Parental Patterns, and the *Brunswick* Line,
 Your Youth to all that's Great and Good incline:
 'Tis Your's, of ev'ry Art and Grace possest,
 To rise in Fame, and soar above the rest;
 To give the present Age a fix'd Repute,
 Beyond the past, and end the long Dispute.



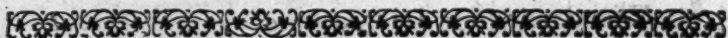
The PROLOGUE.

YE Judges say, if we can merit Praise,
 Who dare desert the Works of antient Days?
 Oft has our Scene maintain'd the Classick Cause,
 And *Roman* Wit been stamp'd with your Applause.
 When *Terence* shew'd his Manly pleasant Strain,
 Or *Plautus* touch'd you on the laughing Vein;
 Time after Time have they engag'd your Ear,
 And now for once an humble Modern hear:
 Ev'n his perhaps is no inferior Flame;
 True Wit, like Nature, will be still the same.
 And since your HIGHNESS condescends to grace
 Our Concourse here, and dignify the Place;
 Since, Sir, your Smiles instruct our Hearts to glow,
 Our Studies cheer, and bid our Pastimes flow.

'Twas

'Twas ours to chuse a Play, 'twas ours to see
 It should be sprightly, hum'rous, just and free;
 And what but IGNORAMUS could it be?
 That fam'd Burlesque of Latinizing Law,
 Your great Fore-father oft with Pleasure saw;
 That Prince who first o'er *Britain* rais'd his Throne,
 And view'd her mighty Empire all his own:
 Or more to make his Worth and Glory shine,
 Who join'd the *Brunswick* to the *British* Line.
 From hence what Blessings to our Country sprung,
 Be those the Theme of ev'ry other Tongue;
 Enough for us to hail your rising Ray,
 And boast the Honour we enjoy to-day.

The End of the Exercises.



PANDORA: A POEM.

PO blast the * Man that durst aspire,
 To steal from Heav'n the genial Fire,
 And animate his finish'd Clay
 With vital Breath a newer Way;
 The Gods in close Committee sate,
 Forming the saucy Mortal's Fate;
 And puzzled their celestial Brains,
 To find out *Penalties* and *Pains*.
 Debates were held from Time to Time,
 To suit his Torment with his Crime:

* PROMETHEUS.

Full oft they met, as oft demurr'd,
And *Ways* and *Means* were still deferr'd.

But Jove at length contriv'd the Art,
(And Jove lov'd Mischief at his heart)
To punish him, whose Skill had shewn
A Talent equal to his own.
The God, it seems, was much afraid
To have a Partner in his Trade.
For why? He might, in peopling Lands,
Take all his Business off his hands:
And he himself might be undone,
Whilst he was idly looking on.
Thus fearing, to reward his Pains,
He hangs the Artift up in Chains;
And since the Man a Man had made;
Resolv'd to match him in his Trade,
To Earth a Woman Jove convey'd.
Then to perfect this new Creation,
Each God bestow'd some kind Donation.
VENUS gave Beauty, HERMES Wit;
In short, as ev'ry one thought fit:
CUPID ordain'd, that all should love her;
And JUNO made a Vixen of her.
These Qualities thus giv'n in common,
Made up the Quintessence of Woman.

You've heard, e'er now, how Templers pay
A Free-Gift Toll on New-year's Day, Each

Each gives according to his store;
 The poorer, less; the richer, more;
 Just as they think they can afford,
 They suit their Present to my * Lord:
 'Till one designs the cunning drift,
 To purchase Favour with his Gift;
 And screws his Pocket to the height,
 In hopes to be — no Loser by't.
 With such advantage in his view,
 Did Jove his subtle Work pursue;
 And as a furth'rance of his Aim,
 Excell'd in Kindness to the Dame:]
 For he, with unexampled Favour,
 A curious Box, for Portion, gave her;
 Well wrought it was, of tempting size
 To draw a Fortune-hunter's Eyes.
 Nor need we wonder if the Blades,
 Carry'd, with forceful Bribes, her Maids,
 And storm'd herself with Serenades.
 Not one but did her Smiles importune,
 And made her Vows of Life and Fortune:
 Not one but wish'd that he could make
 Himself a Monarch — for her Sake.
 Nor one of these their Suit could gain, —
 But EPIMETHEUS was the Man.
 His Negligence, unhelpt by Art,
 Found him a Passage to her Heart;

* Chancellor.

He

He only rais'd a mutual Flame,
And got the Box, and won the Dame.

Let us suppose the happy Lover,
Had got the Forms of Marriage over ;
The mutual Transports running high,
'And *Duck* and *Dear* the only Cry ;
Or let's suppose their Joys so full,
Just at the Point of growing dull :
'Twas now high time, the Husband thought,
To know what Portion Spouse had brought ;
And try, if heav'nly Gifts of Marriage,
Were worth the Charges of the Carriage :
When breaking open Bolts and Locks,
He rummag'd Spouse's Jointure-Box,
And found — he found on the inside,
What many since have found beside ;
Contagions dire, of horrid hue,
Throughout the neighb'ring Country flew.
The Sea, the Earth, and ambient Air,
Began th' Infectious Ill to share,
And Man and Beast met equal fare.
'Till pious Men found out a Way,
To offer Sacrifice, and Pray ;
With Supplications to atone
For all Man's Wickedness foregone.
Yet still the Plague rag'd unconfin'd,
Diffusive borne by restless Wind :
'Till Corn and Oil the Gods appeas'd :
And thus the fore Contagion ceas'd.

From hence the Custom first arose,
 When Women all their Gifts expose ;
 If they a dire Distemper scatter,
 That Men repent in Barley-water.

A HYMN to the LAUREAT.

By Mrs. Mary Chapman.

I.

CIBBER, accept these feeble Lays
 From an unskilful Muse,
 Who tries with artless Notes, to praise,
 What *Envious Men* abuse.

II.

Nature and Art in Thee combine ;
 Thy Comedies excel :
 With Wit and Sense replete, they shine ;
 And read politely well.

III.

Who sees th' inconstant LOVELESS * range,
 But mourns AMANDA's Fate ?
 Each Female Heart approves his Change,
 And pants for such a State.

IV.

When LADY BETTY † treads the Stage,
 All MODISH Prudes submit :
 What FOPPINGTON adorns our Age,
 With the same Grace and Wit?

In

* Love's Last Shift.

† Careless Husband.

V.

IN TOWNLEY ‡ see the *Modern Wife* !
How full of Vice ! How blam'd !
How ruin'd by the *Modern Life* !
How valu'd, when reclaim'd !

VI

May empty Journals weekly rail ;
May all dull Bards repine :
If Wit unequal'd thou'd prevail,
The *Laurel's* justly Thine.



ODE *For the New-Year*, 1731.

Humbly inscribed to the POET LAUREAT: Occasion'd
by his late ODE for the New Year.

By STEPHEN DUCK.

Semel in Anno ridit Apollo.

RECITATIVO.

ACCEPT, O CIBBER, the advent'rous Lay,
Which, to your Honour, dares both sing and say ;
To you, Great Prince of Comedy and Song,
The Tributes of inferior Pens belong ;
You, who by Royal Favour wear the Bays,
And grateful eternize our Monarch's Praise.

AIR.

Let us sing,
To the King,
All about the Circling Year :

D 1

Sing.

‡ Provok'd Husband.

Sing a *Floreat*

To the *Laureat*,

Ev'ry Season brings good *Cheer* ;

Grateful Britons, thank the *Bard*,

Who by *Peace* does *Plenty* guard,

Such as *Hungry War* does need,

War, that does on *Plenty* feed.

RECITATIVO.

Phæbus with *Joy* looks *Britain* round, to see

The happy *State* of his lov'd *Poetry* ;

To *EUSDEN*, *CIBBER* gloriously succeeds ;

Wit triumphs most when *Bard* like *Farmer* feeds :

Then truly are *We* great, when He can shew

The *Way* his own *Outdoings* to *Outdo*.

Cast, envious *Poets*, on his *Verse* your *Eyes*,

Behold the *Offspring* of his *Brain*,

How his rich *Genius* constantly supplies

The *Source* of his *Poerick* *Vein* !

AIR.

Throughout the *Whole* what matchless *Graces* shine,

Paraphernalia sparkles in each *Line* :

Native to *CIBBER*, we admire

The *Style* and *Fancy*, *Wit* and *Fire* ;

In each maturing *Word* we find

Something soft for *Thought* design'd.

RECITATIVO.

Complain not, *Sol*, of fruitless *Ages* past,

Think yourself blest in such a *Son* at last :

Thrice

*Thrice Happy Poets, if you knew your State ;
 Britain alone can boast a Laureat ;
 For if, like Him, to Grandeur you aspire,
 By his Example reach your own Desire.
 Let Criticks then their self-born Views lay down,
 And Bards in Chorus thus sing round the Town.*

A I R.

*Hail ! Matchless COLLEY, Hail !
 Like this may ev'ry New-Year's Day
 Add fresher Honours to the Bay,
 Till Bay itself shall fail.*

RECITATIVO.

*May Heaven preserve thy Genius clear !
 For Christmas comes but once a Year,
 Give the Poet then some Ale.*

CHORUS.

Ale.



*Mr. Stephen Duck's Speech to ENVY, in Regard of his
 own Works.*

M'Unactive Years, devouring *Envy* blame
 No more, nor say from Sloth *my Poems* came.
 Tell me not, how my Ancestors for Scars,
 Spent all their youthful Vigour in the Wars.
 Bid me not study the Verboſer Laws,
 Or plead at Bar th' ungrateful Client's Cauſe.
 Such Honours periſh ſoon : My Work is Praise
 Immortal ; while each Age ſhall ſing my Lays. While

While *Nottingham* shall stand, or *Trent* flow on,
The Poet lives that wrote of *Little John*.

Unfaded too, by Time, his Wreath hath stood,
Who so divinely sung of *Robin Hood*,

Or *Gamwell's* Challenge for the Prize of Blood.

As long as *England* boasts of Nut-brown *Ale*,

His Praise, who wrote the *Barley-Mow*, can't fail.

Nor shall that Bard's fresh Laurels e'er decay,

'Till the last Fire shall scorch our Grass away,
Who sang, *Come Neighbours, now we've made our Hay*.

Quarle's artless Emblems yield him endless Fame;

For, 'tis his Genius that embalms his Name.

The Children in the Wood must, doubtless, be

Immortal, for the Depth of Tragedy.

The Counter-Scuffle (King) shall speak for thee;

Nor Sun, nor Moon, more durable shall be.

While Sons are rakish, Fathers too severe,

Servants are knavish, Bawds let Whores too dear,

Vanbrugh, thy Play th' attentive House shall hear.

Can that Man die! in whose unpolish'd Lines,

Pinder of Wakefield so heroic shines?

Arthur of Bradley's Story too, will give,

To the Last Day, his Poet a Reprieve.

O! great Philosopher, and Poet too!

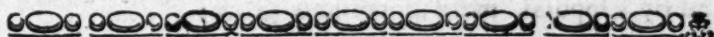
Dame Shipton, we'll as grateful be to you.

The Ploughman's, Milkmaid's, Reaper's Garland, all,

With the *Rich Maid of Reading, Richmond Ball*,

To endless Crowns, their sev'ral Authors call.

Kings yield to Poets, they their Triumphs tell,
 And *Tagus* make with Golden Waters swell.
 Let the base Rabble, their vile Toys admire,
 From *Phæbus* I *Castalian* Draughts desire.
 Let me beneath th' immortal *Laurel* stand,
 And fill with Joy th' admiring Reader's Hand.
 We're *envy'd* when alive, but in the Grave,
 Deserving Writers will due Honours have.
 When I shall my last Fun'ral Rites receive,
 The greatest Part of *Stephen Duck* will live.



The BRITISH LADY.

IN those disastrous and licentious Times,
 When Wealth and Honours were obtain'd by Crimes;
 And those who could their Honesty retain,
 Were treated with Derision and Disdain;
 A Villain, by his Country's Spoils made Great,
 Full of Himself, and with his Wealth elate,
 Thus to a Lady did Himself apply,
 And thus to gain her Virgin Heart did try.
 Madam! could Words declare your wondrous Worth,
 And set your eminent Perfections forth,
 Secure of Immortality, my Rhimes
 Should hand your Praises to succeeding Times;
 That Beauty sing, which does my Soul inspire,
 And fill my Breast with an impetuous Fire;
 Yet what I cannot sing, permit me to admire:

}
 Nor

Nor wonder Charmer, that I thus declare
 My Passion for you ; Heav'n which made you fair,
 Made you to be belov'd, nor e'er design'd
 That lovely Form, and that unequal'd Mind,
 Should to Yourself alone remain confin'd.
 Long has the Secret struggled in my Breast,
 Oft has this raging Passion broke my Rest ;
 Long have I lov'd, and long in secret pin'd,
 While Hopes and Fears oppress'd my wav'ring Mind ;
 At length, like Streams, which all their Banks o'erflow
 And by Opposal, more impetuous grow ;
 So hurried on by my resistless Flame,
 From your own Mouth to hear my Doom I came.
 Oh ! Do not to my Passion prove unkind,
 For you are fixed in my constant Mind ;
 Your lovely Image doth with me abide,
 And ever in my faithful Breast reside.
 My waking Thoughts you are, my Dreams by Night,
 My only Solace, and my Soul's Delight :
 Oh ! could I move your Pity to approve
 This Declaration of my faithful Love ;
 Would you consent to bless my longing Arms,
 With the Possession of your Peerless Charms ;
 Were I a Monarch, joyous I'd resign
 My Crown, nor more desire, while you are mine :
 My choicest Wealth, whate'er I call my own,
 Should at your Feet, a Sacrifice be thrown ;
 The noblest Product of *Arabia's* Shore,
 Or of the richer *India's* latent Store,

Should

Should be at your Command ; oh ! then be kind,
 And let my Passion sweet Acceptance find,
 Scorn not the Flames, which you alone inspire,
 Nor let me by your Cruelty expire.

He ceas'd : and her Reply expecting staid,
 To whom, she this disdainful Answer made.

Thy Words, thy Wealth, and Thee, I all despise,
 And view alike with unregarding Eyes ;
 Thy self, and Offerings equally disdain :
 Nor ever shall my Soul be sway'd by Gain.
 Though greater than *Arabia's* happy Coast,
 Or the far-fam'd *Peruvian* Soil can boast,
 To love thy Country's Foe, and share his Fate :
 No ! rather in a mean inglorious State
 Content I'd live, and by my daily Pain
 The yet remaining Hours of Life sustain,
 Than in thy Arms in all the Height of Pride,
 Of nothing that I could but wish, deny'd.
 This I advise thee, e'er it be too late,
 Strive to avert thy dire impending Fate ;
 With ardent Prayers invoke offended Heav'n,
 Implore his Pardon, beg to be forgiv'n ;
 Nor vainly think thyself in happy State,
 Since winged Vengeance never comes too late :
 Thy ill-got Wealth, the Spoils of many a one,
 By thee, and thy detested Arts undone,
 Calls loud for Vengeance, which will surely come,
 Unless thy Penitence reverse thy Doom,

And 'with redoubled Weight upon thy Head
 Falling, will strike thy guilty Soul with Dread.
 Then shalt Thou see, with Horror and Dismay,
 When lingring Vengeance will no longer stay,
 Thyself a direful Monument of Woe,
 Such as the World, till then, did never know;
 When sinking underneath th' oppressive Weight
 Of Heav'n's vindictive Hand, shall find too late,
 That Crimes, like thine, which human Laws defy,
 Draw but the heavier Weight of Vengeance from on high.

She said, nor err'd, for soon his flagrant Crimes,
 Detected, forc'd him into foreign Climes;
 Inglorious, scorn'd, and hated, to repair
 And breathe his last in unaccustom'd Air,
 A Monument unto succeeding Times,
 How soon all-seeing Heaven can venge atrocious Crimes:
 Such may still be the daring Villain's End!
 And on like Crimes, like Punishment attend!

Ye Ladies which adorn *Britannia's* Isle,
 On whom the Loves and pleasing Graces smile,
 Learn from this Nymph's Example, to approve,
 Those only who are worthy of your Love;
 Treat the unworthy with deserv'd Disdain,
 But never let the Worthy sigh in vain:
 With all your Charms unite in Virtue's Cause,
 And make rebellious Man obey its Laws:
 So shall your Charms the Golden Age restore,
 Virtue shall flourish, Vice triumph no more;

Honour

Honour and Plenty crown fair *Albion's* Isle,
And Peace for long successive Ages smile.

To a Young Lady in Pater-Noster-Row, on her Birth-Day,
November 12, 1730.

WELCOME as *May*, its antient Gloom thrown by,
November now with sprightliest Months shall vie.
Who dares call Autumn Evening of the Year,
When you, fair Nymph, in its Behalf appear?
A brighter Morn than *Persian* e'er ador'd,
Or ripen'd Gold in *Indian* Quarries stor'd;
As Sister of the Sun, to cheer Mankind,
You seem appointed by the eternal Mind:
Whose rising Beams display our glowing Night,
To distant Climes while *Phœbus* bears the Light.
Yet need'st thou not to his returning Ray,
Like waneing *Cynthia*, yield the Rule of Day.
By mingling Lustres each will brighter shine,
At least 'tis his to fear th' Eclipse, not thine.
He, with approximating Tubes survey'd,
His Spots to prying Surges has betray'd;
In thy pure Orb, inepacted ne'er so nigh,
No Blemish envious Microscopes can spy.
Real, as transparent, thro' their Crystal Shrine,
The rich Ingredients of thy beazing Shine:
Wit, Judgment, Candor, Innocence and Truth,
Mature Discretion in the Bloom of Youth,

Indulgent Complaisance, austere Reserve,
 With Virtue ever easy, but to swerve.
 No Spring more gay, no Rock more steady's seen,
 No Dove so mild, no Halcyon so serene.
 Soft, as thy Mould, for ever be thy Lot,
 Its Tenour, like thy Frame, exempt from Blot.
 Thy House as cloudless as thy Forehead prove,
 Thy Days, as does thy Soul, harmonious move.
 May Honour, Affluence and virtuous Ease
 As fully bless thee as thou'rt form'd to please,
 That genuine Bliss may charm, summ'd up in Thee,
 And wishful Woman know what she wou'd be.



To Mr. DENNIS the Critick.

JOHN, I advise thee, out of Love,
 To set thy Heart on things above :
 One Grain of thy good Sense must know,
 How Distributions pass below ;
 Nor to the Swift, nor to the Strong,
 The Battle, or the Race belong :
 Value it not, I say, a Rush,
 That Laurel's grown an Ivy Bush ;
 Unto thy Learning 'tis no Shame,
 Whilst thy Whig-Merit shares the Fame ;
 The Garland which has miss'd Thee now,
 In Heav'n e'er long shall crown thy Brow.

Let

Let this thy noble Soul assuage,
And be Supporter of thy Age.



Verses on the Right Hon. William Pulteney Esq;

WH^O, that befriends the Generous, Good, or Wise,
Can look on PULT'NEY with malignant Eyes?

On *Him*, who, in each lovely Light confest,
Braves his worst Foes, and bares his virtuous Breast :
As *Britons* ought, to *Britain's* Weal adheres,
Her Glory the sole Study of his Years?
Ne'er was there Poet yet, whose Numbers drew,
A stronger Judgment, or an Heart more true.



An ADIEU to WOMEN.

Written by a COLONEL of the Guards.

THANKS to the Girl's Indulgence now at last,
My Passion's Hurricanes are over-past ;
Still I had been in Love, possess'd and blind,
Had not my pretty Idol prov'd too kind ;
But may all Plagues on Love-sick Fools be thrown,
(If any Plagues are greater than their own)
Who can their Manly Reason so debase,
As to admire a worthless Woman's Face.

Curse

Curse on my Fate ! that e'er it came to pass,
 That I among the rest should prove an Ass ;
 That I should Court and Cringe, and Whine and Lye,
 And still ask Pardon, tho' I knew not why ;
 Now that the Scales are fallen from my Eyes,
 Lord ! how this paultry Trifle I despise !
 Let but this clouted Babe, this *Esop's* Crow,
 Give back the Plumes she does to others owe ;
 Be stript of all Auxiliary Bells,
 The Maid's the least and worst part of her self.
 This little Thing's soft Whispers are so loud,
 You'd swear 'twere Thunder breaking thro' a Cloud ;
 Noisy, but prating Nonsense all the while,
 Her Voice would draw the Cataracts of Nile :
 Her mighty Charms to captivate the Heart,
 Are stolen all from *Fucus's* of Art ;
 With these her *Magazine* is always full,
Patches, Vermillion, Whitewash, Spanish-Wool.
 Lord ! how I tremble still, when e'er I think,
 How near I was the Precipice's Brink ;
 How very fond, forsooth, to have a Wife,
 And be united to a Plague for Life ;
 How I could Court and Sue to be undone,
 And woo all Ills, epitomiz'd in One !
 But thanks to my Physician, I am free,
 And ever shall assert my Liberty ;
 No Female Tyrant shall hereafter bind,
 In Chains + Vassalage my Free-born Mind.

F I N I S.

